

Without Boundaries

A Collection of Essays from my 7th Grade Year

By
John Doe



2014-2015

*This collection is dedicated to the children who have bravely
written their lives and generously shared them.*



Table of Contents

The Red Ant House	4
My Quiet Moment	5
The Day I Never Looked Back	6
Watermelon Days	7
Digging	8
My Father	9
Picking Pears	10
User Errors	11
Love and Hydrogen	12
Choices	13
First Day Essay	14
About the Author	15



Essay Title

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

INSERT IMAGE

Essay Title

INSERT IMAGE

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

The Day I Never Looked Back

I don't know if I should tell you it was long ago. It just took me, my body. I don't know how or why it just took me. But nobody believed me but I know what I saw. I always felt a sense that "it" was watching me taking me. It felt like "it" was the devil. It's gone now. I'm free.

1959, I'm at my house making dinner. Then I hear something from upstairs. "Angie is that you," I yelled.

"No," Angie yelled back. I started to wonder what that was. 9:00PM I hear it again but Angie is asleep. So I go upstairs and then I saw "it" red glowing eyes blackish yellow fur. "It" was going to Angie's room. I had to stop "it" I ran over there and kicked it "it" ran off into the woods. The next morning I have already drop Angie off at school. 10:00AM I hear the noise again then my sight just went black I fell to the floor. I wake up and see my body on the floor then boom it gets up. Woah!

"What is going on here!?" I yelled. I yell and yell but nobody here's me. The next day I wake up and I am in my bod, finally! I am going to have to tell boss that I can't go to work today I told my self. 2:00PM I am at home watching TV when "it" strikes again I wake up and again my body is on the floor then it gets up again. What! What is going on here why is body walking when I am not even in it.



Essay Title

[illegible]

Essay Title

[illegible][illegible]

INSERT IMAGE

The diagram consists of a blue rectangular area on the left, labeled "INSERT IMAGE". To the right of this area is a series of arrows pointing right, arranged in a grid-like pattern. The arrows are organized into four rows, with the first three rows having 15 arrows each and the fourth row having 14 arrows. The arrows are black and point to the right, indicating a flow or sequence.

[illegible]

Essay Title

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

INSERT IMAGE

Essay Title

[illegible]

Essay Title

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

INSERT IMAGE

Essay Title

INSERT IMAGE

[illegible]

Essay Title

[illegible]

First Day Essay

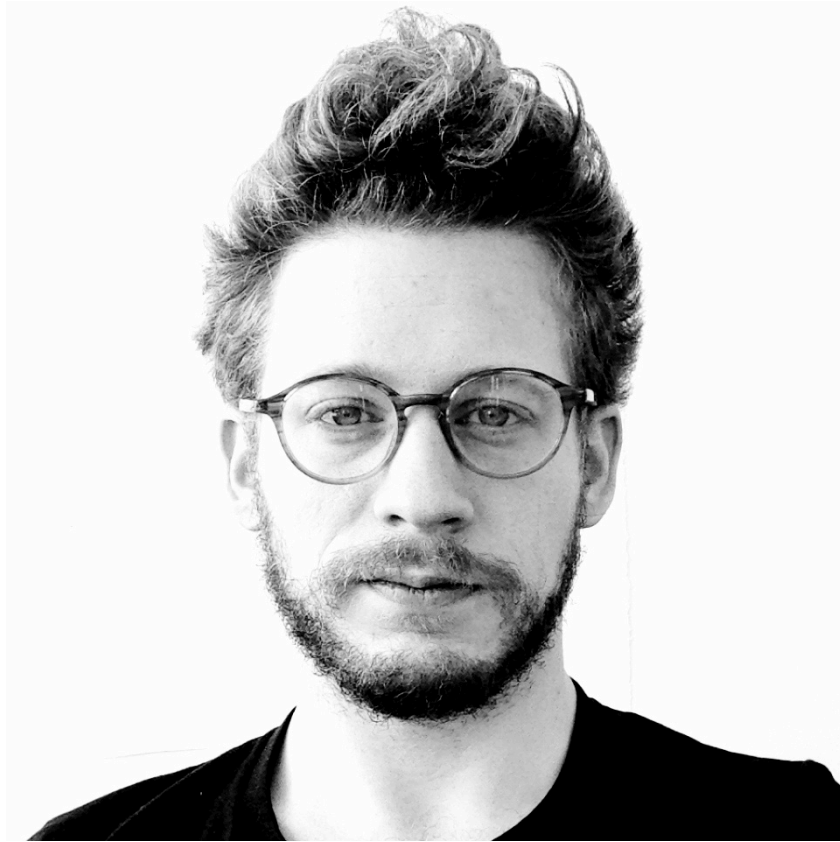
8-26-2014

[illegible][illegible]

INSERT IMAGE

[illegible][illegible]

About the Author



John Doe was born in Beaumont, TX. Always being enriched through multi-cultural experiences by his single mother, John grew up loving life. He enjoys fishing, going to the theatre, baseball, and, of course, writing. He currently resides in Sour Lake, TX. In his 7th grade writing debut, John wrote a collection of those experiences, thoughts, opinions, and snapshots of growing up.